

Different Sides Of The Same Coin

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In this retelling of Kill la Kill's story, roles are reversed as the scissor blade wielding Senketsu Matoi seeks vengeance for his father against Satsuki Kiryuin and her subjects at Honnouji Academy with the aid of his kamui with an attitude, Ryuko. A darker take on the story, Senketsu is willing to go to great lengths to secure his revenge, even if it means losing his way.

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Screams rang out deep beneath the foundation of Honnouji Academy, throughout the dark corners of the sewers which ultimately drained out into the slums of Honnou City. The screeches belonged to Takaharu Fukuroda, President of the Boxing Club and wielder of his very own Two Star Goku Uniform. Takaharu was beaten and bloodied, chained against the filth covered concrete walls in a part of the sewers that had been turned into a makeshift camp, torches lining the walls allowing for a bit of light in the otherwise pitch black sewers.

"When Lady Satsuki gets her hands on you, you're going to pay, coward!" Takaharu spat defiantly at the figure before him, a relatively tall male with sleek features and medium length red hair. Most noticeably was the eye patch which covered significant scarring on his right eye. He appeared no older than seventeen, but the dull, uninterested gaze in his unnaturally colored eye was that of a soul that had seen more than the average young man.

"Coward. This word, coward, this is something you would use for someone who hides behind their subjects, atop their ivory tower. Someone who would live in the lap of luxury while others struggle to find food for their families or put a proper roof over their heads," the male sneered as he began to pace before his prisoner, fists clenched, "Someone who would kill an old man, my father, in cold blood and not willingly face me in combat... that is a coward. Satsuki Kiryuin is coward!" He snatched Takaharu's jaw and clenched it tight staring at the defiant boxer before him. The blind loyalty of Satsuki's subjects disgusted him. "Say my name. Speak my name, and never call me a coward again."

"Coward. Damned coward!" Takaharu shouted, chains rattling as he fought against them, "Box me like a real man!"

It was obvious that he'd have to extract that name from his lips personally if he was going to be satisfied. "If you're so determined to sacrifice yourself for your Queen publicly, very well then. Today, first thing after the final bell rings. Be ready for me, fool." Before Takaharu could bark further insult, a swift punch to the stomach rendered him unconscious. "A waste of a lunch period..."

The red head unchained Takaharu and tossed him into the nearby stream of waste that would carry the boxer out into the city. A new voice emerged from the shadows, that of tired, middle aged teacher. "Was it really such a waste, Senketsu? You learned firsthand what kind of dedication these people have for the class president." Aikuro Mikisugi approached, removing his glasses and brushing his hair back in preparation for one of the monologues Senketsu was becoming all too familiar with. "This is the perfect opportunity to don Dr. Matoi's legacy, his gift to you. Perhaps now it is time for you to get nak-"

Aikuro had only begun to remove his shirt but Senketsu had enough. A swift kick sent Aikuro into the stream of filth and drifting along. "Perverted old geezer! I get it. I know what I have to do, so quit acting like you're helping me find answers I already had in mind!"

As the teacher drifted away, his voice faintly reached Senketsu, "Don't be late to class."

Senketsu's eye ticked over towards the wall opposite of where Takaharu was chained, locking onto a steel case which contained to two tools that would be required if he had any realistic chance of avenging his father's murder. With a sigh, he shifted towards the case and placed it flat on the ground as he knelt next to it. The case suddenly began to rattle, a muffled feminine voice coming from within, "It's about time you knocked off the stubborn act, boy! It's a lady's job to play hard to get, don't ya know?" Senketsu's eye twitched and he flicked open the latches, allowing the case to burst open as a heap of fabric lunged out at him. Tumbling backwards in a heap of dust and fabric, Senketsu found himself apprehended by the desperate sleeves of the kamui he had neglected since finding her in

the wreckage of his family home. His jacket and pants were cast aside, all the while he struggled to catch a breath.

"D-dammit Ryuko, be gentle!"

"Shaddup brat, get in me."

"Do you have to say it like that!?"

"Don't be such a baby, neither of us liked that boxing loser's attitude, right? Let's kick his ass!" In a flash that illuminated the sewers, Senketsu found himself synchronizing with the kamui created specifically for him, Ryuko. Though initially reluctant to don the kamui, he knew that his assault on Honnouji Academy would require a great deal of strength - more than he could muster on his own.

Three hours later, with the bloody lunch period well behind him, the Boxing Club President stood in the midst of a large boxing ring which had been erected in the midst of Honnouji Academy's massive courtyard. There was a sizable crowd present, and the Student Council overlooked the scene from Satsuki Kiryuin's ivory tower.

"He's late! Scared! Incapable of taking me on like a real man!" Takaharu boasted as he began shadow boxing from corner to corner of the ring, smug grin revealing his chipped teeth.

Shifting through the crowd, the brash boxer's opponent drew near. Senketsu, cloaked in a tattered bit of fabric he wore to cover his rather noticeable attire. Lunging out of the crowd and over the top rope, into the ring, Senketsu drew his scissor blade and pointed it directly at Takaharu. "Mind games are part of a boxer's arsenal as well, don't you know? What an amateur! I bet you aren't even properly warmed up at this point."

"What!? Are you suggesting that the Takaharu Fukuroda is unaware of any facet of this sport!? RING THE DAMN BELL!"

With that, the ringside bell was rung, and the match began. As the loudmouthed boxer began spewing rhetoric about whatever nonsensical attack he was about to throw, Senketsu spoke under his breath to his kamui. "This is it, Ryuko. Our first test run and we're right in the thick of things."

"What's the matter, nervous about showing some skin? Don't be. Just focus on the fight, I'll handle making sure your bait and tackle doesn't fall out."

Senketsu's cheeks were as red as his hair. Takaharu lunged forth with a corkscrew punch, which hit right on the mark, drilling against Senketsu's chest and shredding his cloak while kicking up an incredible amount of dust. When the boxer's glove ceased its spinning, Senketsu offered nothing more than a defiant laugh.

"Your gloves may be as strong as steel, pipsqueak, but so is my will!" Senketsu shouted as he shattered the glove with an upward swing of the scissor blade, sweeping away the dust to reveal his synchronized form. Clad in what appeared to be a mesh of skin tight armor and spandex, the crowd gasped at the sight of the half naked warrior. Takaharu, who had tumbled backwards and just regained his footing, had a baffled look on his face, eyebrow raised as he was unsure whether to laugh or be utterly terrified by the transfer student's strength.

"W-what the hell are you wearing? Is that a skirt? And stockings!? Are you some kinda of crossdressing exhibitioni-" Takaharu was silenced by Senketsu bashing the hilt of the scissor blade into his forehead. A shameful beat down followed.

Atop Honnouji Academy's tower, Ira Gamagoori stood in front of Satsuki Kiryuin with his arms outstretched to block her view. "My lady! Such a deprived, perverted display is unfit for your eyes, please, allow me to dictate to you the results of the battle!" Uzu Sanageyama buried his face in the palm of his hand, shaking his head while Nonon Jakuzure rolled about in a fit of laughter. Houka

Inumuta continued on, collecting his data. Satsuki extended her hand and placed it on Ira's shoulder.

"That will not be necessary, Gamagoori. Thank you," Satsuki gazed down at the ring as Senketsu successfully disarmed Takaharu. "Interesting... very interesting."

Standing on top of the defeated (and completely nude) Boxing Club President, Senketsu directed his blade towards Satsuki, and addressed her from the middle of the ring. "Satsuki Kiryuin! Stop ducking me and come out with it, I demand to know who wields this scissor's companion!" Senketsu felt his knee buckle slightly as the blade became harder to point, as if a sudden fatigue was washing over him. Satsuki approached the edge of her tower, and addressed him with her usual condescension.

"What manner of pig would address me in such lewd attire?" She questioned, tilting her head slightly as she saw the exhaustion overcoming her would-be challenger. "You've taken but a mere pawn, and you believe you're fit to face the Queen? You're a greater fool than I thought."

Senketsu scoffed, his heart screaming within him to fight the arrogant Student Council President, but his kamui was having none of it. "Senketsu, we need to go," Ryuko said, inaudible to the rest of the academy, "You've lost too much blood, and if you collapse here... all may be lost."

"Dammit... dammit! This isn't over, Satsuki!"

As the weary transfer student escaped the walls of Honnouji Academy, Satsuki offered up a smirk.

"Right you are, Senketsu. This is far from over."